

Tyari turban. This was Mr. Browne, one of the English Mission clergy, who, from living for nearly four years among the Syrians of the mountains, helping them and loving them, has almost become one of them. He was going to Diza to get winter supplies before his departure for one of the most inaccessible of the mountain valleys, but with considerate kindness turned back to Kochanes with me, and remains here until I leave. This fortunate *ren-*
contre adds the finishing touch to the interest of this most fascinating Kurdistan journey.

Crossing the Kandal Pass, we descended on the ham-
let of Shawutha, superbly situated on a steep declivity at the head of a tremendous ravine leading to the Zab, blocked apparently by mountains violet-purple against a crimson sky, with an isolated precipitous rock in the foreground, crowned by an ancient church difficult of access. Below the village are fair shelving lawns, with groups of great walnut trees, hawthorn, and ash, yellow, tawny, and crimson—a scene of perfect beauty in the sunset, while the fallen leaves touched the soft green turf with ruddy gold. The camping-grounds were very fair, but the villagers dared not let me camp. The Kurds were about, and had exacted a ewe and lamb from every house. Owing to the influx of strangers, it was difficult to get any shelter, and I slept in a horse and ox stable, burrowed in the hillside, the passage to the family living-room, without any air holes, hot and stifling, and

used my woollen sheets for curtains. The
village is
grievously smitten by the "cattle plague." In
telling me
of the loss of ^{<s} four bulls" within three days,
my host
used an expression which is not uncommon
here, "By the
wealth of God, and the head of Mar Shimun."
Yesterday we descended 1500 feet,
alongside of a
torrent fringed with scarlet woods, and
halted where the
Shawutha, Kochanes, and *Diz* valleys meet
at the fords